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put her pilot aboard a steamer which was waiting on the outside to enter. The captain having been up all the previous night went to his cabin and turned in for the night. The passengers were all either seasick or chilled by the cold wind, and had gone to their rooms and into the cabin. The wheelsman, by orders from Dunham, made out Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and took his ranges from them and put the ship on her course. He had only time to do this when a fog rolled up so dense that even the light on Cape Disappointment could scarcely be seen. Dunham assured himself that the ship was on the right course by going into the wheel-house and looking for himself. Having done this, and knowing the coast perfectly, he felt pretty safe. He was a little confused and nervous, however, and so he went down to his cabin and overhauled his charts and read the sailing directions just as though he had never made the trip before. He seemed to be all right. "Bring your vessel in range with Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and then put her about south by east." He had done this fifty times before and had come out all right. To be sure that no mistake had been made, he climbed up to the wheel-house and quietly asked the man at the wheel how he had got his range. He answered promptly and satisfactorily. Everything was according to orders. So Dunham cursed his nervousness and walked back to the smoke-stack.

The wind had gone down with the sun, but a heavy sea was running and it was as dark as Tartarus. Dunham paced the deck for half an hour, then went below to get his cloak. Being chilly, he went up onto the hurricane deck and sat with his back to the smoke-stack. Being nervous, he lighted a cigar. Being careful, he walked forward to see how things were moving. He thought he heard a distant roar. He listened, and could hear nothing. He walked back to the smoke-stack. In ten minutes he came forward again. He thought he heard the roar of surf. He called to the man at the wheel: "Abbott!" "Aye, aye, sir." "How does she stand?" "Sou' by east, sir." That was all right; that was the course Dunham had put her on.

He went to the paddle-box and signaled the engine to stop. Then he called a man and had the lead thrown. "Twenty-four. Plenty of water," thought Dunham, and started the engine. He then went down to the captain's cabin and knocked. The captain did not hear the first time and he knocked again. "Who's there?" "The mate." The captain opened a port near the head of his berth and asked him what the matter was. Dunham reported. The captain told him that it was all right; that it was foggy and the roar of the surf with such a sea on and no wind could be heard ten miles. Dunham rather thought so, too, and went away. During this parley and while the mate stopped a few minutes to look after things below, the ship had made more than two miles headway. By the time Dunham got on deck again the roar of the surf was frightful. He fairly screamed at the helmsman: "Abbott!" "Aye, aye, sir." "How's her head?" "Sou' by east, sir." Amazing! Dunham ran to the paddle-box and jerked a signal. The engine stopped in a second. Then he rushed to the captain's door, and called him out in the name of the gods. Both flew on deck. There was no mistake about it; there were the breakers not half a mile ahead, judging by the sound, thundering and boiling against the shore. Dunham had almost run the ship's head on shore, and that, too, when she was holding precisely the same course by compass that he had put her on fifty times before. The captain roared, "What's her course?" "Sou' by east, sir." "Put her south-west." "Sou'-west, sir," echoed the man at the wheel, and the wheel spun round and the chains rattled. The captain rushed to the signal bell and started the engine and got the vessel under good steering headway. Scarcely had the ship got under good headway on her new course, when a scraping sound was heard and felt; then bump, bump, bump, as though the ship had been lifted up and set down hard three times; then a crash and a sudden stop that sent the captain and mate on their faces and brought the smoke-stacks crashing through the decks and snapped off the topmasts like pipe-stems. The ship had struck a sunken rock and commenced to fill at once.

Who got to shore, and how they got to shore, matters not. It is the same old story. The news spread on wings. Friends came and dragged the swollen corpses of their friends out of the surf, or dug them out of the sand, or identified them in the shed; or

paced the beach day after day looking out on the remorseless sea that refused to give up its dead.

The captain and the wheelsman, Abbott, went to Portland together—Dunham they never found—and there they talked over the strange affair, and exhausted all their ingenuity in vain to account for the loss of the ship when on the right course in a still night. When the wrecking tug was ready they went out to the wreck. It still hung on the rocks. The bows were high out of water. The two men climbed up into the wheel-house. They unscrewed the compass-box from its fastenings and went on shore. There they opened it. The captain sprung out the ring, and took out the glass and lifted up the card and needle, and there lay the little instrument of death—a broken knife-blade. The handle and the rest of the blade were in little Joey Dunham's pocket. He had tried to pry out the glass, to see what made the card swing around so, when he held his knife by it; and, in doing so, had broken the blade. He concealed his mischief and stole away.

—W. F. Yocum.

THE LADY OF BELLOSQUARDO.

WHAT visitor to Florence fails to ascend the classic height of Bellosguardo, once the abode of Galileo, ever lovely for its wondrous panorama of beauty, extending from the mountains of Vallambrosa to the peaks of Carrara, and now the home of a small colony of artists and writers. For the past twenty years its chief social attraction has been a little lady of mysterious race and parentage, remarkable for her own gifts of mind, and as having been Mrs. Browning's most trusted friend, and whom she nursed in her last illness. This unalloyed friendship, of a quality as rare as precious, united the two women in the closest intimacy, made the dearer because fully shared by Robert Browning, who, after the death of his wife and the breaking up of his home in Casa Guidi, in 1861, agreed to, and faithfully did write, on a stated day of each month, to her bosom friend, until she, too, died, on the 19th of January of this year, his last letter reaching Bellosguardo only a few hours after her sudden death.

Short in stature, supple and graceful in person, almost of tiny delicacy of figure, a dark complexion that bordered on swarthinness, luxuriant hair of raven-black hue, with hazel eyes that sparkled like brilliants, an irrepressible activity of brain and quick movements of body, yet with so small endowment of physical strength as to cause her vitality to seem little short of a miracle, a heart that was the concentration of love and benevolence, joined to an intuitive keenness of insight into character, and a brain that fairly quivered with spontaneous wit, flashing repartee as does the summer-cloud heat-lightning, an insatiate reader of French, Italian and English literature, prompt on all the living topics of the day, the soul of that golden hospitality which seeks out the humble or sorrow-stricken, to cheer and bring them within the atmosphere of the glad and prosperous—such were some of the traits of Isabella Blogden. As each Saturday came—the day of her receptions—friends and strangers flocked to Villa Castellani, to pay their homage to her virtues and enjoy the varied society of which she was the charming centre and bond of union. Who, that was wont to go to these reunions, will ever forget the stately old mediæval hall, interspersed with flowers, books, busts, portraits of the Brownings, gifts from Holman Hunt, Gibson, Solomans, Miss Stebbins, and other artist-friends, in attractive confusion, opening onto that sunny terrace which looked down upon the Val d'Arno, with its purple and golden background of softly outlined Apennines? The skies are as bright as ever, the landscape as witching, but those *spiritual* delights and intense sympathies, which made the natural world only a beautiful setting to the human, are now a dream of the past. Bellosguardo has, indeed, lost its "lady."

Miss Blogden came to Florence without *prestige* of fortune, family, or any of those adventitious advantages which tend to raise people above their proper level. She was literally a waif of Providence—birth-place and parents unknown, but so thoroughly, charmingly, and kindly individualistic that no one thought of speculating on the unknown of her history. If we might now venture a guess as to her lineage, we should surmise it must have been an intermingling of a highly impassioned, sensitive, tropical race with a prosaic colder current of a northern blood, that tempered the intellect without wilting the

finer affectional and æsthetic qualities. Whatever was her origin, she honored entire humanity in her disinterested life. It was the utter negation of that mischievous, importunate, disagreeable torment of most human lives, the overweening *ego* or self-seeker, which tries all things by the quality and quantity of the social incense it receives; it was the absence of this vanity of vanities in her constitution that made her such a moral power to others. She instinctively shrunk from any praise of herself as naturally as she was eager to impart to others anything pleasing and complimentary, but without the slightest touch of flattery; for she was impartiality itself in her judgments of the literary or artistic works of her friends, without allowing anything she disapproved in the slightest manner to tinge her whole-souled friendships. Quietly ardent in her attachments, yet she chose a single life, as if determined that none should be closely related to her, and she be free to be the loving kinswoman of all persons; even animals, for her fondness for brutes was a deep passion. She treated dogs and cats as if they were sentient beings, with souls to be saved as well as bodies to be cared for; and herein, perhaps, lies a clew to remote latent Hindoo blood in herself. It was not handsome pets she selected, but often out-cast curs, which she would nurse into a happy existence that soon made them forget their previous forlornness. Just before dying she begged that her animals might be destroyed; evidently feeling that no one could care for them as she did. To the ill or spirit-worn human being, she was not less the tireless, thoughtful nurse and consoler, ever volunteering to fill the forlorn hopes of sickness and anguish. Once to be fully received into her confidence was to abide there forever, provided you did not thrust yourself out by some wanton misdoing, which seemed, however, only to enlarge the limits of her charity in judging others. It was the best in men and women that she instinctively felt and saw. And her words ever were as cheery as her deeds. If she were mistaken in her estimate of Louis Napoleon, it was because she shared Elizabeth Barrett Browning's ideal dream of him, which led her to mistake her own generous impulses for political realities. Once having espoused Imperialism, her devotion to it knew no bounds, because she believed it to be the best government for the French.

Isabella Blogden was the busiest of women. Each minute had its fitting employment. She corresponded with eminent persons, and saw almost all who came to Italy. Among the many who knew and esteemed her she could reckon Michelet, Dickens, Froude, the Austins, Miss Cobbe, W. S. Landor, Greg, Tennyson, Charlotte Cushman, Hawthorne, the Trollopes, and others known to fame. Most of her literary strength was given to novel-writing to eke out a limited income. The first novel was "Agnes Tremorne," then "Nora and Archibald Lee," "Cost of a Secret," "The Woman I Loved and Who Loved Me," "Crown of a Life," etc. Some of these are well known in America by Harper's reprints; and, in Europe generally by those at Leipsic. She wrote, also, for *Once a Week*, *Cornhill*, and other journals, and was long time Italian correspondent of the London *Echo*. But her best work was in analytical essay, like her article on "Giordano Bruno," published in *Fraser*; as also her longest and most interesting poem, called the "Two Lives."

The pang felt here by her death, in the prime of her splendid womanhood—fifty-five, will be shared by her large circle of American friends. She was a true and loyal friend to the United States, taking a deep interest in her prosperity. She rests now beside Mrs. Browning, beneath the weird pines in the Protestant Cemetery of Florence.

—James Jackson Jarves.

THE RED LILY.

FAR 'mid the windings of our sylvan creek,
Where wild o'er rocks leaps on its lucid stream,
A glorious lily on my sight did gleam,
Like a slim-waisted maid with joy-flushed cheek—
Joy that aloud to herself she dares not speak;
Or an enamored wood-nymph did she seem,
Losing herself in a voluptuous dream,
Or tired Bacchante who repose would seek.
No vestal she, like her, who, white as snow,
From the lake rises, breathing odorous breath,
And, like a nun, checks every earth-born fire:
Ah, no! those dusky spots, that crimson glow,
Argue a heart of passionate desire,
And love, that, scorning change, outfaces death.

—W. L. Shoemaker.